

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

ON the isle of Penikese,
Ringed about by sapphire seas,
Fanned by breezes salt and cool,
Stood the Master with his school.
Over sails that not in vain
Woody the west-wind's steady strain,
Line of coast that low and far
Stretched its undulating bar,
Wings aslant along the rim
Of the waves they stooped to skim,
Rock and isle and glistening bay,
Fell the beautiful white day.
Said the Master to the youth:
"We have come in search of truth,
Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery;
We are reaching, through His laws,
To the garment-hem of Cause,
Him, the endless, unbegun,
The Unnamable, the One
Light of all our light the Source,
Life of life, and Force of force.
As with fingers of the blind,
We are groping here to find
What the hieroglyphics mean
Of the Unseen in the seen,
What the Thought which underlies
Nature's masking and disguise,
What it is that hides beneath

Blight and bloom and birth and death.
By past efforts unavailing,
Doubt and error, loss and failing,
Of our weakness made aware,
On the threshold of our task
Let us light and guidance ask,
Let us pause in silent prayer!"

Then the Master in his place
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft air stirred,
Lapse of wave and cry of bird,
Left the solemn hush unbroken
Of that wordless prayer unspoken,
While its wish, on earth unsaid,
Rose to heaven interpreted.
As, in life's best hours, we hear
By the spirit's finer ear
His low voice within us, thus
The All-Father heareth us;
And His holy ear we pain
With our noisy words and vain.
Not for Him our violence
Storming at the gates of sense,
His the primal language, his
The eternal silences!

Even the careless heart was moved,
And the doubting gave assent,
With a gesture reverent,
To the Master well-beloved.
As thin mists are glorified
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender awe,
How his face was still uplift
By the old sweet look of it,
Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,
And the love that casts out fear.
Who the secret may declare
Of that brief, unuttered prayer?
Did the shade before him come
Of the inevitable doom,
Of the end of earth so near,
And Eternity's new year?

In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the isle of Penikese;
But the lord of the domain
Comes not to his own again:
Where the eyes that follow fail,
On a vaster sea his sail
Drifts beyond our beck and hail.
Other lips within its bound
Shall the laws of life expound;
Other eyes from rock and shell
Read the world's old riddles well:
But when breezes light and bland
Blow from Summer's blossomed land,

When the air is glad with wings,
 And the blithe song-sparrow sings,
 Many an eye with his still face
 Shall the living ones displace,
 Many an ear the world shall seek
 He alone could fitly speak.
 And one name forevermore
 Shall be uttered o'er and o'er
 By the waves that kiss the shore,
 By the curlew's whistle sent
 Down the cool, sea-scented air;
 In all voices known to her,
 Nature owns her worshipper,
 Half in triumph, half lament.
 Thither Love shall tearful turn,
 Friendship pause uncovered there,
 And the wisest reverence learn
 From the Master's silent prayer.

—John G. Whittier.

THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE CHARACTER
 OF LOUIS AGASSIZ.)

1 KINGS iv. 33.—“*He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth on the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes.*”

I propose to speak this morning of the RELIGION OF SCIENCE. Many persons suppose that there is some opposition between science and religion. But it seems to me that science, which is the study of God's work in the outward universe, cannot be opposed to those sentiments of awe, reverence, trust, submission, and love which we are accustomed to regard as the substance of piety. It is true that there are some men of science who are opposed to religion, and some religious people who dislike science. There are some scientific persons who profess to be atheists and materialists, who deny the existence of God, the soul, and immortality. There are theologians, also, who dislike geology because it tells us that the earth, instead of being six thousand years old, is many hundred thousand years old, and because it gives a different history of creation from that contained in the Book of Genesis. Just so it was thought that the Copernican theory was opposed to the Bible, because the Bible says that “the sun riseth and the sun goeth down,” and that “God has established the earth so that it shall not be moved forever.” But the Copernican system has been accepted by all men, and the Bible is not the less respected and loved on that account. We now see that the Bible was not sent to teach us astronomy or geology, but to teach the presence and power and love of God in all things. This, neither astronomy nor geology nor any other branch of science can contradict or invalidate. Some men of science may be

atheists, but science is not atheistic. Some men of science may be materialists, but science every day is moving upward more and more into the realm of spirit. Some men of science may deny a future life, but science itself is leading the way toward a new view of immortality. So far, then, from fearing any hostility from science to religion, we may gladly welcome investigation and discovery as sure to bring about a nobler and truer worship of God. I will endeavor to illustrate this by showing what science has already done in this direction.

First, science has greatly enlarged and elevated our conceptions of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God.

Formerly it was believed that this little world of ours was the centre of the universe, that the sky overhead was a solid sphere or firmament, in which the sun, moon, and stars were fixed a little way off, and revolving round the earth every twenty-four hours. But astronomy now shows us the mighty universe of suns and stars, among which our earth shrinks to a little speck. It shows us planets revolving around their suns, satellites round their primaries, comets plunging down from the depths of space, whirling around the central orb, and shooting away again, the sun itself, and all the other millions and millions of suns, moving with incredible velocity, yet at such awful distances that, after thousands of years, they do not appear to have changed their relative positions. It shows us stars whose light has been coming at the rate of ten millions of miles in a minute, and yet which has been millions of years in reaching us. Thus it enables us almost to see with our eyes infinity and eternity, while we look into these immensities of space and time. How much, then, does it elevate our conception of that Infinite Being who is above all, and through all, and in all of his universe!

Meantime, while astronomy shows us the immensity of God's universe, geology comes to show us the long processes of creation. It takes us into the workshop of the Almighty, and lets us see the various steps of the manufacture of our globe. It carries us back to a distant period when all the elements were melted in the glowing furnace of terrestrial heat or volatilized into gases. It shows us other long periods of hundreds of thousands of years when an armor of ice rested on the continents, and when snowstorms raged in a tempest of a hundred years' duration. It shows us a succession of strange animal and vegetable life, passing, one after another, into existence, and then disappearing, till, at length, man arrives. To see God creating

during a million years is more than to see him creating in six days.

Thus science, by enlarging our conception of the universe, also enlarges in the same degree our idea of the power of the Almighty. God's omnipotence and omnipresence mean a great deal more to the mind which has been fed by scientific truth.

But, in a like manner, science elevates our idea of the Divine Wisdom. It traces the footsteps of creative *method* through all parts of nature. It is constantly saying, in the language of the Apostle Paul, "Behold! I show you a mystery." It is a perpetual unveiling of the footsteps of the Almighty. Nothing is too minute, nothing too vast, for its researches. It examines the substance of the sun with its spectroscope, measures the chemical elements of carbon, hydrogen, iron, soda, in the blazing orb of Sirius, measures the curve of the double stars; and then, with its microscope, investigates the beginnings of life in creatures too minute to be seen by the unaided vision. And everywhere it finds method, law, order. Everywhere it meets the omnipresent intelligence, the infinite fatherly providence, to whom nothing is great and nothing small.

Science everywhere looks for law, and everywhere finds it. So it expels from the universe all suspicion of an arbitrary God. Science shows us everywhere in the universe the reign of law, not the reign of will. All caprice is banished from the idea of the Deity. It shows us God always acting according to laws,—laws benign, beautiful, unvarying. We lie down and sleep, we awake and rise, still surrounded by an unchanging Providence. All things work together for good; all things tend upward and onward; all things belong to one vast plan of creation.

Thus science, beginning with observation and variety, tends evermore to the result of unity. It envisages the universe as a kosmos, as a perfect whole. It sees correlation everywhere, every part depending on every other part.

"All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone."

Thus, as science banishes superstitious fear of arbitrary and capricious power by its doctrine of universal law, it banishes all the lingering elements of polytheism by its doctrine of universal unity. It weaves the whole universe of things into a whole. It shows us the farthest stars obeying the same laws in their immense movements which direct the fall of a stone on the surface of our little globe.

But, it may be said, is not science irreligious

in this, that it does not teach the personality of God nor his providence, that it does not allow of any answer to prayer, nor accept the immortality of the soul?

I admit that science, as at present understood, does not teach these truths. Science, as at present understood, is physical science, and consists in what may be perceived by the senses, and what may be inferred from those observations. Now we cannot perceive by the senses the Divine Being, we cannot perceive the infinite, but only the finite. The eye sees facts, order, arrangement, but not the perfect Power who guides and orders all things. Physical science does not teach the great truths of religion. These must be learned by another method. They come by inward inspection, not by outward observation. They are revealed in the consciousness, not in external nature. The soul of man is in closer contact with the Deity than is the outward, material universe; and, therefore, in the soul itself are revelations made which are not seen in nature. The personality of God, his freedom, his providence, his ear open to our cry, his heart sympathizing with our needs, his hand giving in answer to our prayer,—all this is seen, not in the mighty star or in the fossils of the rock, but in the consciousness of man himself. God is not to be found by the telescope of the astronomer or seen in the crucible of the chemist unless he is first found in the soul of his child.

But, though Science is incapable of teaching these higher truths, neither does she contradict them. Algebra does not teach music, but it does not deny it. Chemistry does not teach us Sanskrit, but it is not opposed to that study. So, while natural science does not teach us, by itself, faith in the unseen and spiritual, natural science does not contradict this faith.

There has, no doubt, been a tendency among many men of science to deny or omit the spiritual element, and to believe only in material facts, subject to the observation of the senses. But science is itself rising above this tendency. Matter is now being regarded under the aspect of force. Every atom of matter is now supposed to be a special force, and all these forces are persistent and mutually transformable the one into the other. The doctrine of the "Equivalence of Forces" spiritualizes the universe, and substitutes for materialism the opposite doctrine of spiritual pantheism.

There is also, unquestionably, an aversion, in many scientific persons, to the idea of design, or of final causes, in nature. Some even suppose that, having a little granule of

matter to begin with and plenty of time to work in, they can dispense with God. But the Deity is needed just as much to create the primordial atom and arrange its conditions, as to govern the developed world. It is a law of the human mind, which it cannot escape, that, when it sees adaptation, it infers design. This is so much the case and so universal that, when some rude stones were found which seemed adapted to be used as hammers and hatchets, though found in drift where no human remains had ever been seen, it was immediately inferred that man must have existed at the period represented by that stratum of pebbles. No one supposed that they were created there by accident, because we are so made that, when we see adaptation, we infer design. But the universe is crowded with adaptations. The light of the sun, ninety millions of miles away, is adapted to the lenses of the eyes of all creatures, and these lenses are adapted to the light. The heating and the actinic ray of the sun are adapted to develop vegetation. Vegetation is adapted to support animal life. It has special relations to the little organs which manufacture living tissues out of vegetable substance. The muscles, thus made, are adapted to the use of the nerves, and, through the brain, the will is adapted to send nerve-power into them. Every part is indispensable to every other part. From universal adaptation we infer universal design and pervading intelligence. It is only a transient phase of scientific opinion which can discredit this argument.

Science, in its largest sense, means knowledge, and it must include all knowledge—the knowledge which comes to us from without, through the senses, and the knowledge which comes to us from within, through the soul. Each is necessary to complete the other. The religion of science in nature is necessary to complete the religion of the soul. The one teaches us law; the other, love. The one shows us design; the other indicates the designer. One shows us a great order and vast beauty, a web of causes interlinked with causes, of forces evermore transformed into each other; the other reveals the perfect Providence,—the God above, below, within, and beyond all; the divine love from which all proceed and to which all tend. Science teaches the unity of law and force; the soul teaches the unity of spirit and love.

It is, a remarkable fact that, while science is always in a state of change and progress, the great intuitions of religion remain forever the same. When David said, on the mountain meadows of Syria, "The Lord is

my shepherd, I shall not want," he said what we repeat to-day, as we stand by our dead,—and we can think of no surer reliance. When Jesus said, "The pure in heart see God," he fixed forever the doctrine of spiritual intuition. When he taught the Lord's Prayer, he gave the human race a liturgy for all time. Other words from other religions, the sayings of ethnic prophets, carry the same weight of permanent use. When a truth of the soul is uttered, it remains an everlasting possession for the conscience and the heart.

The religion of the soul and the religion of science must always go together. Each is incomplete without the other. Science without the soul tends to coldness and death. The soul without science tends to superstition. One gives us law, the other love; and the vision of God in law and God in love constitutes the perfect religion of man.

This subject has, as you will probably suspect, been suggested to me by the departure from among us of Louis Agassiz, the great naturalist, who for a quarter of a century has been giving an impulse of light and heat to American science. So many admirable things have been said of him, such testimony from the heart and brain of New England and America has been uttered by the spontaneous reverence of those who honored him, that it seems unnecessary to-day to add anything to this monument of grateful love. But he was such an illustration of the union of vast scientific attainments with a living faith in God and a generous sympathy with all of God's creatures, he united so much of living and warm sentiment with so much solid, cool power of thought, that I am tempted to add yet another strain to this solemn hymn of praise for one who gave such long, laborious years to the careful study of the works of God. We feel to-day that in losing such a man we have lost what can never be replaced. Most men's places are easily filled. But it is good, sometimes, to come near a man like our great naturalist, with such an ever-advancing mind, leaving such a broad wake behind, with such an unwearied effort, such an insatiable thirst for knowledge, such a glad and generous readiness to communicate it to others. He was one who has been an inspiration to the whole community, whose ardent enthusiasm for science has magnetized matter-of-fact legislatures into generosity. He was a man who made us all young again. The weight of years and cares fell from us whenever we met with him. He had the heavenly art of turning us all into little children, looking again with open-eyed curiosity and wonder at the mysteries of God's world. His life will re-

main an ineffaceable record that man, in our day, too, is capable of rising above all sordid considerations, all weak party spirit, in devotion to truth. He was a true member of the church of science, and its martyr, giving his life for its progress and its diffusion. Amid the great crowd of those to whom the pursuit of wealth is the chief thing, it is well to have had one man who could refuse every such temptation, saying, "I cannot afford to waste my time in making money." This was one saying for which he ought always to be remembered, for it expressed his unselfish devotion to the pursuit of truth. Another favorite expression, almost peculiar to Agassiz, was his perpetual description of organic forms as "the thoughts of God." And, as the love of God naturally passes into the love of man, so with Agassiz the love of the Creator was constantly leading to the love of the creature. Knowledge with him led continually to love, and love led continually to knowledge. He loved God's creatures well because he knew them well: he knew them well because he loved them well. Other men are sometimes capable of a certain qualified sympathy with the animal creation, but that of Agassiz was unqualified. Some men love their own dog or their own horse. Some go farther, and take a little sympathetic interest in birds, sheep, deer. But the sympathy of Agassiz embraced the whole animal creation: he had a special love for each little mollusk and radiate, and he inspired his pupils with the same, so that they also felt a deep personal interest in gasteropods and echinoderms. I shall never forget the tender tone in which our naturalist used to speak in his lectures of "the little polyp." So he illustrated the fact that while narrow men of science may dispute with religion and narrow religionists be hostile to science, the truly great soul is able to receive all truth. It can study nature, and believe in spirit also; it can master every fact of physical knowledge, and also believe in God, the soul, and immortal life.

This trinity of faith, knowledge and love, kept our dear friend, the great professor, always young. He seemed never to grow old; he died full as ever of youthful fire. To him seem especially applicable the fine lines of Crashaw on a happy growing old, and with these lines I will conclude my discourse:—

"Hark, hither, reader! Wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health?
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well,—

Her garments that upon her sit
As garments should do, close and fit,—
A well-clothed soul, that's not oppressed,
Nor choked with that she would be
dressed,—

A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine
Through which all her bright features shine,
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin, ærial veil, is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More fitly shows the blushing bride,—
A soul whose intellectual beams
No mists do mark, no lazy streams,—
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer day?
Wouldst see a man whose well-warmed
blood

Bathes him in a genuine flood?
A man whose tuned humors be
A set of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks,
beguile

Age,—wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits, flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man who can
Live to be old, and yet a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wing, stuck with fresh flowers?
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends,—
No quarrel, murmur, no delay,—
A kiss, a sigh, and so away!"

—James Freeman Clarke.

THE STILL HOUR.

Richest gifts are those we make:
Dearer than the love we take,
That we give for love's own sake.
Hands that ope but to receive
Empty close: they only live
Richly who can richly give.

—John G. Whittier.

And should the twilight darken into night,
And sorrow grow to anguish, be thou strong:
Thou art in God, and nothing can go wrong
Which a fresh life pulse cannot set aright.
That thou dost know the darkness proves the
light.

Weep if thou wilt, but weep not all too long,
Or weep and work; for work will lead to song.

—George MacDonald.

Who would come to others' aid
Must the price of grief have paid;
Who would play the pilot's part
Must the way have got by heart;
Who would be another's guide
Must by pain be qualified.

—Ella Fuller Maitland.

You can help your fellow-men. You must help your fellow-men. But the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.—*Phillips Brooks.*

By doing each duty fully as it comes, we qualify for more light and greater aptitude for succeeding duties. Faithfulness day by day in small things will make us keen to recognize the divine voice with reference to greater things.—*Chapman.*

There is such a thing as a worldly spirit, and there is such a thing as an unworldly spirit; and, according as we partake of the one or the other, the savor of the sacrifice of our lives is ordinary, commonplace, poor, and base, or elevating, invigorating, useful, noble, and holy.—*Dean Stanley.*

It is this feeling of infiniteness that we crave, that we believe in, and sometimes, though rarely, find in human friendship. The deepest love leads us through and beyond itself into the Infinite Heart, whose calm throbbing steadies us with the permanence and peace of eternity.—*Lucy Larcom.*

In the life of the spirit which Jesus opens to us, it is as if everything fell away from us. Nothing has value save as it is new-found in the love and thought of God. All human relationships are sweeter, tenderer, and more sacred. God, having become first in our lives, with himself gives us all things anew, and then the forsaking, the renouncing, that seemed so hard, reveals itself as the open doorway for our entrance into the measureless liberty of the heavenly life.—*Philip Moxom.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., offers to Sunday-school teachers "Lessons on the Life of Jesus" (small leaflets): "Jesus in the Temple"

(visit at twelve years old), "Jesus Preaching in the Synagogue at Nazareth," "Life at Capernaum," "Healing the Centurion's Servant," "The Maniac of Gadara," "The Little Daughter of Jairus," "The Young Man of Nain," "The Walk in the Cornfield," "Jesus walking on the Water," "The Day after the Storm," "The Sermon on the Mount" in Luke, and a few others. These are suitable for Sunday-school or Bible-class teachers of any denomination.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

I. I am a poor cripple girl, and at times I feel very sad and lonely about it. About ten years ago I was taken down in bed with white swelling in my left hip, and there I had to lie for quite a while, tied down head and feet to keep me straight, and I suffered unknown agony. And, after so long in bed, I finally became able to creep around on my crutches, and I am now much better, and have laid my crutches aside and can walk very well without them. Though the afflicted limb is drawn up so it is about four or five inches shorter than the other one, which makes me limp badly. But I try to look on the bright side, and think it is the Lord's will for me to be a cripple, and bear it the best I can. Though I cannot help feeling low down sometimes, as my parents are poor and not able to buy books and papers for me to read, and I am not able to go out and do much work; only housework. I love to read when I can get anything to read and haven't anything else to do. I have never been to school very much, as the schools are 'most always poor here, and besides I was never able to go much, it 'most always is so rough during school months. I have learned the most of what I know at home. I have five brothers and one sister. I am a member of the Christian Baptist church. Will be glad of any reading. Lena M. Wilson, Glade Hill, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 1.

2. Two years or more ago I asked you for some reading matter, and was pleased to receive quite a nice lot, but for a year I have had but very little. We have moved from Lenora, Kansas, to the sand-hills of Western Nebraska, eighteen miles from town, and with no near neighbors to mention. However, we are lucky enough to be on a mail route, so we get our mail every day. We have seven children, the oldest nearly thirteen,

and all love to read. May I ask for reading of any kind and copies of *The Cheerful Letter*? I was much interested in its work, and I do love nice books and reading. Thanking you for past favors and hoping to receive any more you have to spare: my twelve-year-old daughter would like some story-books. Mrs. Nanna C. Gordon, North Platte, Nebraska.

3. *Dear Cheerful Letter*,—For myself I have only grateful thanks to send my *Cheerful Letter* friends, but could some one send reading matter to Miss Belle Williamson, Farwell, Texas, Box 406? I have divided with her for years, but she has gone now to a very new settlement on the western frontier where there's nothing to be had. She is obliged to walk with crutches, so is debarred many of the pleasures of other young girls. Makes her home with a brother. I do not think any minister has found the town of Farwell yet. Kate Jackson, Route 1, Lawton, Oklahoma.

4. Reading for the soldiers in Cuba is asked for by Harold Howard, Troop K, 11th Cavalry, Pinar del Rio, Cuba.

[The Editor reminds members of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange that in sending to the soldiers in Cuba or the Philippines it is not desirable to send *old* magazines and papers. Good *current* periodicals, and good standard books, entertaining and bright, are what is wanted.]

5. I would be very thankful to receive "The Lady of the Lake," Scott. I would also like the *Delineator* for 1907, or *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1907, or *Woman's Home Companion*. We came here in March, and it is a new country to us, and we get lonesome and would be very glad of any reading matter, for little folks as well as big ones, as our family range from three to twenty years, with ten in the family. I thank the lady that sent me *The Cheerful Letter*. Annie Harper, Call Box No. 75, Erick, Oklahoma.

6. I am a little girl thirteen years old. I have three brothers and three sisters, the oldest nineteen, the youngest three years. I live on a farm many miles from the railroad, and five miles from town. Our neighbors are mostly Russians. I would be so glad if some one would send me the *Youth's Companion*. I have nothing to read, and I just love reading. Ida Thibault, Naper, Nebraska.

7. Mrs. Maggie Root, Olympia, Wash., asks for "The Story of an Untold Love."

[The one exception in regard to writing the name of a State is Washington. It should be written Wash., else letters, etc., will go to Washington, D.C. Every other State should have its name written in full.]

Mrs. L. M. Glenn is now at Riverside, California, and Mrs. A. F. Edwards at Placerville, California.

Rev. W. A. Alleyn has moved to Waldo, Wisconsin.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TEACHING ARITHMETIC.

(Continued.)

The next day, when the arithmetic hour came, she gave the boys the same example that she had given them the day before, only this day Hubert was to take for his part the "Subtraction" as well as the "Bringing Down."

Hubert liked his lesson the second day even better than he did the first. He began to feel that he was now really entering upon solid work. After he had performed the subtraction several times, he told Georgie that he believed he could do the multiplying, too, and he asked Georgie to let him try. He watched Georgie, of course, as he performed his portion of the work connected with each figure of the quotient, so that he began to have some connected idea of the whole process, and certainly thought that he could take that additional step, namely, the multiplying. Georgie said he might try. Accordingly, after the next figure was set in the quotient, he performed the multiplication of the divisor by himself, and brought it right.

As soon as he had finished this step and had set down his figure, Juno said,—

"Hubert, what do they call it when a saw runs off the line when you are sawing?"

Juno remembered having heard Hubert talking about this difficulty at one time, in conversation with Georgie.

"They say it *runs*," replied Hubert. "It is because the teeth are set wider on one side than the other."

"You don't like such saws very well, I suppose," said Juno.

"No," replied Hubert. "I want a saw to keep true to the line I make for it."

"Then you won't think it unreasonable,

I suppose," said Juno, "if I should like to have my scholars keep true to the line I mark out for them."

"No," replied Hubert. "Of course not." He had no idea, however, what it was that Juno referred to.

"I drew a line," rejoined Juno, "for you and Georgie to follow,—which was that *you* should perform the subtraction, and Georgie do all the rest. Are you on that line or off of it?"

"We've run off," Hubert said, laughing. "I am doing the multiplying, and I was only to do the subtracting." Then, looking toward Juno, he said,—

"I found I could do the multiplying, too, and I thought you wished me to get along as fast as I could."

"True," said Juno, "and so you are not at all to blame for running off the line. I don't blame you at all for it. You did what you thought was right. Then, besides, perhaps the line was wrong. Perhaps it would have been better for me to have said that you were to go on doing nothing but the subtracting and bringing down until you found that you could do the multiplying, too. But I did not say that. And which would you like best, a saw that would always keep to the line that you drew for it, wherever the line ran, or one that would think a little and would run off when it thought the line was wrong?"

Hubert laughed, and, turning to Georgie, he said: "Go ahead, Georgie. I'll only subtract and bring down."

Juno was very gentle and good-natured in her methods of management, but she was extremely decided and firm in requiring all children that were placed under her charge to conform strictly to her directions in all cases. If a child thought that her directions or commands in any case were wrong, she did not defend them by explaining the reasons for them, since she wished the children to understand that they must obey them, whether they understood the reasons or not.

Hubert did perfectly right, or, rather, he did not do wrong, in going beyond Juno's instructions, because he had not been with Juno long enough to know that she never gave definite and positive instructions without some good reason for them, founded on careful consideration and reflection, and that her instructions must, when given, be implicitly obeyed. He thought he was doing what would please Juno in going on faster than she had expected, supposing that she would, of course, wish him to go on as fast as he could. But he was mistaken in this. Juno did *not* wish him to go on as *fast* as

he could. She had got the engine on the track, as she hoped, but she thought it best to go quite slowly and cautiously for a time. Or, to speak without any metaphor, Hubert had been so crowded and pressed and worried by being forced forward beyond where he was capable of going that she thought it better to hold him back for a time, where his work was easy,—too easy even,—so as to awaken and strengthen in his mind the desire to go forward faster. This desire to take another step onward was the first springing up in his mind of a *love* for arithmetic, to take the place of the hatred of it which the policy of driving him on too fast had engendered; and she wished to give this new feeling time to take root a little before she put any strain upon it. If he had gone on to the multiplying before he had become entirely familiar with the subtracting and bringing down, and had then become perplexed and puzzled among the three, the wheels would have been off the track again, or would have been in danger of going off, and her work would have to be done over again.

She would not explain these reasons to Hubert, however, at this time, because she wished his following the instructions which she had given him to rest entirely on the *principle of obedience*, though in enforcing and insisting upon this principle she spoke and acted in a very gentle and good-natured manner. She wished Hubert to do as she said, *because she said it*, and not because he saw that reasons for it were good.

And this is the way in which all children ought to obey their parents. They must do thus and so or avoid doing this or that because their parents have so directed, whether they understand the reasons or not. In many cases they would not understand the reasons if they were explained. In many other cases there is not time to explain them.

I think it very probable that Juno's comparison of a child disobeying the teacher to the case of a saw which runs true to the line aided very much in leading Hubert to fall in readily with her system of implicit obedience. He was so much interested in everything connected with mechanics that such a comparison was, of course, calculated to strike his fancy quite forcibly. Then, besides, he had such agreeable associations with the idea of a tool working true and entirely in subservience to the will of the workman that it helped him very much to see the beauty of implicit obedience to rightful authority, in a child,—a beauty which many children are slow to perceive.

Running true to the line became after-

ward quite a proverb between Juno and the boys. When she sent them anywhere with special instructions, instead of saying, at last, "And now be sure to do exactly as I have told you," she would say, "And keep true to the line." This meant the same thing, but it had a greater influence on the boys' minds, put in that form; for they were both decidedly averse to proceeding in such a manner as to make their action come under the same category with that of a saw with its teeth set unevenly, so as to make it run off the line and go awry.

Juno went on in this way for a fortnight, allowing Hubert to take only one step each day in learning the several parts of the complicated process of long division. It was an excellent exercise for Georgie as well as Hubert, as it gave him practice in computation, and aided decidedly in advancing the development of his arithmetical powers. At the end of that time Hubert understood the process very well, so far as to be able to go on with it quite readily when there was no special difficulty in the way.

It is true that there are special difficulties sometimes to be encountered, and Juno had not yet taught him anything about these. She had only taught him the regular steps of the process, so that he could go on by himself so long as everything went smoothly and well. When he became involved in any difficulty, she did not attempt to explain the nature of the difficulty to him, and try to show him, *at the time*, how to get out of it,—as many persons might, perhaps, at first think was the proper course,—but would let George take the pencil and carry the operation past the difficulty, or would do it herself, and then let Hubert take it and go on again, when the way was clear.—*From "Hubert," by Jacob Abbott.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS OF BIRDS.

Under the direction of Curator Charles W. Johnson of the Boston Society of Natural History the exhibit of birds has been made more interesting than ever before shown in Boston.

Nineteen new groups of mounted specimens show the birds in lifelike attitudes and surroundings, just as they are found in nature. This gives a rare opportunity to study at close range these little feathered cousins of ours. Far away back in the early history of the earth, perhaps 30,000,000 years ago, man and birds had a common ancestor, among the reptiles, which makes a kinship between us.

Biologists are now beginning to suspect that birds are destined to play a far greater part in the future history of the earth than in the past. Professor S. W. Williston of the University of Chicago has suggested that possibly in 3,000,000 years, when the human race has come to an end, birds may become the dominant race. Prof. Shaler of Harvard expresses the opinion that man has reached the acme of physical development, and cannot change his structure much more. But birds, he believes, have yet a considerable chance for evolution.

We are accustomed to think of birds as creatures of fixed species. But Professor Frank M. Chapman of the American Museum of Natural History, in a recent edition of his book on "Bird Life," points out that evolution in birds is a thing of the present as well as the past.

In 20,000,000 years the first primitive bird, a flying reptile, has grown and developed into 15,000 species. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the next 5,000,000 years may see equally wonderful developments. At the present time there is an ambitious South American bird, the hoatzin, which acts as if it were trying to develop into a kind of feathered man. The young of this bird have well-developed claws on the thumb and first finger of the wing bones. Long before they can fly, they use these hand-like wings in climbing among the bushes. In the grown-up birds these finger claws disappear.

It may be that constant use of this wing-hand may develop a species of birds in which the wings would cease to be used for flying alone, and become arms with hand appendages. It is along such lines that man is supposed to have risen from a lower animal form.

Man may recede and become Extinct.

There are evidences that man and all the other mammals have now reached the high-water mark, and that before long the tide of life will recede, and the present races of animals become extinct, just as the strange monsters of the past have gone out of existence.

"To-day, as far as may be judged by fossils," says Professor Frederic A. Lucas, in his book on "Animals before Man," "those very different animals, snakes and birds, are at their maximum. Birds have spread completely over the earth." He then shows that the tendency seems to be for the larger animals to die out, and makes this summing up:—

"The one thing that stands prominently forth is that in the struggle for existence

mere brute force avails nothing: not size nor strength, but adaptability to surroundings, is the prime factor of success in life's race."

This latter quality birds have to a remarkable degree. If they are to become the dominant race in time, it does not necessarily follow that they will be puny and insignificant successors of man.

The first known bird, the archæopteryx, was about the size of the crow. From this beginning the giant ostrich has evolved, taller than man and as fleet as a horse. The dominant bird of the future may be the giant of its race, so large, powerful, and intelligent that it may turn upon the dwindling remnants of the human race, and exterminate them, just as man has killed off the buffalo and certain species of birds.

The thing about birds that is thought to have given them such an immense advantage over many other creatures is their feathers. This covering has enabled them to withstand the constantly changing climate of the earth in past ages, from tropical heat to glacial cold. Their thick plumage enables them to range to the very poles, to live in icy Arctic seas or in tropical forests. The bare-skinned reptiles from which the birds sprang died out millions of years ago, under the severe and changing conditions of the growing earth, while their feathered descendants flourished and spread over the whole globe.

It is a very significant fact that man has two strong instinctive ideas, the desire to fly and the wish to be clothed with a natural garment. The birds have realized these two desires, though at the outset they had neither feathers nor powers of flight. They were just monkey-like little dinosaurs, it is supposed, similar to man's ancestors.

The birds now seem to be industriously trying to acquire some of man's intellectual faculties. The parrot can imitate our speech fairly well. The mocking-birds can mimic the songs of other birds quite as well as the best actors can impersonate other people's speech and emotions. The parrot uses its feet very much like hands, and its beak is similar to a Roman nose.

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to picture a bird with a human-like head, wings that have the double use of flying organs and hands, legs decorously feathered, and a tail acting as a graceful appendage, which men now ape in swallow-tailed coats and women emulate in long-trained gowns.

Here would be a creature with a tremendous advantage over man, having to give no time nor effort to dress, and free to devote

all its energies to enjoying life, propagating the species, seeing the world on the wing, or fighting the battles for the supremacy of the earth. Such an evolution in the bird world in the course of the next 5,000,000 or 10,000,000 years would not be more startling than the change in the human race from a sluggish reptile of 15,000,000 years ago to the man of to-day.

Looking at birds in this light, and reflecting on the great possibilities wrapped up in them, they become more interesting than ever. How very human these creatures are may be seen from observing some of the mounted groups in the Boston Natural History Museum at the corner of Berkeley and Boylston Streets.

A family of black-crowned night herons is shown in their natural habitat, a hemlock-tree in a swamp. The mother bird is feeding the four little birds, who stretch their long, featherless necks and wide-open beaks up to her. On an upper branch perches the father, looking down at his little family. All is true to life. The nest itself, made up of leaves and twigs, is the same which these very birds built.

Tree, birds, nest, and all came from Wenham swamp, from what might be called Heron City. This is a colony or rookery of 200 or 300 heron families that annually take up their summer abode there, with the gregarious human instinct of leading a community life.

One of the prettiest groups is that of a family of woodcocks. There are the two parent birds and their young, which look almost like little downy chickens. The coloring of both old and young is a mottled brown and white in harmony with the oak leaves on the ground and the bark of the tree stumps. There is a tuft of skunk cabbage and some moss, to show still further the natural habitat of the woodcock. They prefer low, swampy woodland, belonging as they do to the snipe family.

A little bird that appeals to nearly everybody's sympathy is the black-capped chickadee. It lives with us all the year round, and its cheery note of chick-a-dee-dee-dee is heard in nearly every orchard in New England. It usually takes a deserted woodpecker's nest, as shown in the museum group, which answers the purpose of a cave home. It likes to make its nest of wool left by sheep on twigs. Or it will pick up any soft substance and weave it into a nest.

The bluebird also has a liking for hollow limbs, especially of apple-trees, as is well-represented in some mounted specimens at the museum. It usually makes its nest

at some distance from the opening, and there lays its bluish-white eggs. It is one of the first of our spring visitors to begin house-keeping, and opens up its tree flat about the middle of April. The bluebird's soft, sweet song is regarded as the true harbinger of spring in New England. Its autumn call of "far-away, far-away," is a sure sign of the passing season.

One of the prettiest sights, to be seen in almost any orchard, is a pair of bluebirds going in and out of their hollow tree nest, and attending to their little family as dutifully as human parents. Unfortunately, these demure little blue-coated folk are being driven away by the aggressive English sparrow.

Robins among our Early Visitors.

The familiar and beloved robin may be studied at the Natural History Museum. The mud-lined nest is shown, with its greenish-blue eggs. Robins are among the first of our migrating friends to arrive in the spring and the last to go in the fall. Some even linger all the winter through, hidden in the cedar swamps by the seacoast on the South Shore, where they live on the cedar berries. The majority of them, however, travel southward to Virginia and beyond.

One of our rare summer visitors is the blue heron, a tropical bird which usually goes no farther north than Virginia. A beautiful specimen is shown at the museum.

A good opportunity to get acquainted with the red-winged blackbird is presented in the museum's bird gallery. This is a swamp bird, which hides its nest deep down among the tall rank grass. Nearly everybody knows by sight the brilliant male bird, with his jet black coat and scarlet epaulets, but many would not recognize his sombre mate. Her black dress is streaked with buff and rust color on her back, and below it is a dingy black and white, as little like her consort as if she belonged to another species.

A familiar favorite is the phoebe, which makes a cave nest among the beams of an old bridge, and sometimes under eaves. Nearly every bridge down Ipswich way has a phoebe's nest beneath it. The artificial little cave home shown at the museum with its two occupants is an excellent piece of handiwork, with plaster of Paris rocks and celluloid to represent water. It will give any one an idea of just how to recognize a phoebe nest. The phoebes belong to the flycatcher family, and like to be near the water where insects gather.

The little tree-swallows, like the chickadees, have a habit of picking out a deserted woodpecker's nest. The group at the museum shows the female at opening of the

hollowed-out limb. Below a piece of the tree has been sawed out, revealing a nest made of feathers, the cosiest kind of sheltered home, and seven little white eggs.

Then there is a pretty group of cedar-waxwings, nestling in a cherry-tree, and red-eyed vireos which build hanging nests on oak-trees on the edge of a forest.

The least flycatcher, a little mite of a bird, which likes to live in elm-trees, is also shown. The gorgeous Baltimore oriole, with its sombre-colored mate and big hanging nest, is well represented.—*Boston Sunday Herald.*

THE MAD DOG SCARE.

There seems to be another attempt to create a panic about rabies. This is greatly to be regretted on many accounts, as a panic is always more dangerous than a disease. Fear causes disease; and it has been stated by good authority that some cases called hydrophobia have been simply cases of hysteria.

In regard to this disease Dr. William O. Stillman of Albany, N.Y., president of the American Humane Association, also of the Humane Society of Albany, says: "I have been a practising physician for nearly thirty years, and have been in many hospitals on both sides of the Atlantic. It gives some idea of the actual scarcity of hydrophobia when I say that in all this professional and hospital experience, as well as oversight of public dog kennels, having charge of tens of thousands of dogs, I have never seen a case of hydrophobia. Once or twice there has been a scare, but on careful examination it has been proved not to be hydrophobia. Quoting from memory, the number of deaths from hydrophobia have not been more than two to four in a million. In proportion as a disease is infrequent and seldom seen, the people become terribly alarmed and unjustifiably scared. It has been proved, medically, beyond question that many of the deaths attributed to hydrophobia are simply due to hysteria and the imagination of the patient. If the newspapers, instead of feeding sensational alarms like this by stories that have small basis in fact, would quiet the public, not only would the lives of a vast number of innocent animals be saved, but the lives of many people.—*Our Four Footed Friends.*

In a Boston paper recently was the following paragraph headed in large capitals:—

"MAD BULLDOG GIVES SOMERVILLE SCARE.

"A large bulldog, frothing at the mouth, and undoubtedly mad, caused a reign of

terror for half an hour yesterday morning in Boston Street, Somerville. Several women on their way to church narrowly escaped being attacked. The animal was finally driven into a yard, where G. M. Winters, the dog catcher, shot it after it had made a series of vicious onslaughts on the officer. In the afternoon a young Boston terrier attacked a woman in Dane Street. Her escort killed it with a beer bottle.

The next day I received the following letter:—

*"Dear Mrs. Smith,—*If you saw the enclosed clipping, you will doubtless be glad to learn of the facts. You will recall how sudden and extreme the heat was last Sunday morning. The dog referred to had been discovered in the shadiest corner of the yard, next to us, that he had been able to find. At the cry of 'mad dog' I rushed out. He was not frothing at the mouth, and was simply overcome with the heat, and had been seen but a few minutes before playing with other dogs. The dog growled whenever any one came very near him, but otherwise was perfectly quiet, and seemed to want to rest and recover himself. Every once in a while he would prick up his ears and open his eyes, and look around. He did not touch the water I offered him, although one of the ladies greatly objected to my offering him water! The special officer (who was appointed to catch the unmuzzled dogs this spring) had been sent for, and appeared in about three-quarters of an hour. I had made what effort I could to find the dog's owner, but was unsuccessful, for I knew that the dog was doomed if I did not find the owner. The first act of the officer was to fire two or three blank cartridges right at the dog, to quiet him, as he observed. He then poked a stick at him in his endeavor to get a rope around his neck, and the dog snapped at the stick, at which there was a cry of 'He's mad! He's mad! Shoot him!' The officer succeeded in getting the rope around the dog's neck, and tried to pull him out of the yard toward his team. The dog, thoroughly sick and frightened, settled back on his haunches, and refused to move toward the crowd that was facing him; but he did not make the slightest demonstration toward any one. At this stage the mistress of the house, who had objected to my giving the dog the water, said, 'You had better shoot him, anyway.' The special officer seemed to be perfectly agreeable to the proposition of 'Better shoot him, anyway,' and immediately did so. If that poor dog had had the good fortune to come into our yard, and could have stayed in our stable

half a day, he would have been all right, and would have gone home. I wish I knew the facts of the second dog mentioned in this same account, killed with a beer bottle. We should probably find the whole episode as sickening as what I saw."

A dog was reported to have suddenly gone "mad" in Boston, and an urgent message was sent to the Animal Rescue League to send an agent at once to kill the dog. The agent found that the dog had been shut up in a small closet for safety. No one of the number of persons who had gathered to see the dog disposed of would hold a light, the place being in darkness, or assist in any way. The agent managed alone to open the door and quiet the excited dog by kind words until he could take him up in his arms and carry him out of the building, get on a car,—for this League that is doing such a great work is not well enough supported to have an ambulance,—and take the "mad dog" to the League. When he was placed in a room, water was offered him, and it then appeared that he was crazy with thirst. It seemed as if he could not drink enough to satisfy a thirst that showed he had been suffering for water in the dry, dusty weather perhaps for days without being able to find a place to drink.

This happened in the early part of May when watering carts were not doing their greatly needed work. The arrangements for supplying water to smaller animals are very inadequate in Boston and suburbs, so that a homeless, deserted dog or cat may wander long and far before finding a place to drink.

After he had drunk freely of water, food was offered, and he was found to be extremely hungry. When his thirst and hunger were satisfied, he settled down to rest; and the next day any visitor to the League might have seen this young bull terrier playing in the yard, and showing particular joy when the man who rescued him came near him.

Had this dog been found in Somerville and the man sent for who has been appointed to catch and kill homeless dogs, it is altogether probable that he would have been treated the same as many dogs have been in that city, and after being killed had his case reported, as another "mad dog."—*From Our Four-footed Friends of June, 1906.*

FRANCES POWER GOBBE.

IRELAND IN THE THIRTIES AND FORTIES

The prominence which Irish grievances have taken of late years in English politics has caused me often to review with fresh

eyes the state of the country as it existed in my childhood and youth, when, of course, both the good and evil of it appeared to me to be part of the order of nature itself.

I will speak first of the condition of the working classes, then of the gentry and clergy.

I had considerable opportunities for many years of hearing and seeing all that was going on in our neighborhood, which was in the district known as "Fingal" (the White Strangers' land), having been once the territory of the Danes. Fingal extends along the seacoast between Dublin and Drogheda, and our part lay exactly between Malahide and Rush. My father, and at a later time my eldest brother, were indefatigable as magistrates, Poor-Law Guardians, and landlords in their efforts to relieve the wants and improve the condition of the people; and it fell on me naturally, as the only active woman of the family, to play the part of Lady Bountiful on a rather large scale. There was my father's own small village of Donabate in the first place, claiming my attention; and beyond it a larger straggling collection of mud cabins named "Balisk," the landlord of which, Lord Trimleston, was an absentee, and the village a centre of fever and misery. In Donabate there was never any real distress. In every house there were wage-earners or pensioners enough to keep the wolf from the door. Only when sickness came was there need for extra food, wine, and so on. The wages of a field-laborer were, at that time, about eight shillings a week; of course without keep. His diet consisted of oatmeal porridge, wheaten griddle-bread, potatoes, and abundance of buttermilk. The potatoes, before the famine, were delicious tubers. Many of the best kinds disappeared at that time (notably I recall the "Black Bangers"), and Irish housewives cooked them in a manner which no English or French *cordon bleu* can approach.

I remember constantly seeing little girls bringing the mid-day dinners to their fathers, who sat in summer under the trees, and in winter in a comfortable room in our stable-yard, with fire and tables and chairs. The cloth which carried the dinner being removed, there appeared a plate of "smiling" potatoes (that is, with cracked and peeling skins) and in the midst a *well* of about a sixth of a pound of butter. Along with the plate of potatoes was a big jug of milk and a hunch of griddle-bread. On this food the men worked in summer from six (or earlier, if mowing was to be done) till breakfast, and from thence till one o'clock. After an hour's

dinner the great bell tolled again, and work went on till six. In winter there was no cessation of work from 8 A.M. till 5 P.M., when it ended. Of course these long hours of labor in the fields, without the modern interruptions, were immensely valuable on the farm. I do not think I err in saying that my father had 30 per cent. more profitable labor from his men for eight shillings a week than is now to be had from laborers at sixteen shillings; at all events, where I live here, in Wales. It is fair to note that beside their wages my father's men, and also the old women whose daughters (eight in number) worked in the shrubberies and did other light work all the year round, were allowed each the grazing of a cow on his pastures, and were able to get coal from the ships he chartered every winter from Whitehaven for eleven shillings a ton, drawn to the village by his horses. At Christmas an ox was divided among them, and generally also a good quantity of frieze for the coats of the men and for the capes of the eight "Amazons."

I cannot say what amount of genuine loyalty really existed among our people at that time. Outwardly, it appeared they were happy and contented, though, in talking to the old people, one never failed to hear lamentations for the "good old times" of the past generations. In those times, as we knew very well, nothing like the care we gave to the wants of the working classes was so much as dreamed of by our forefathers. But they kept open house, where all comers were welcome to eat and drink in the servants' hall when they came up on any pretext; and this kind of hospitality has ever been a supreme merit in Celtic eyes. Some readers will remember that the famous chieftainess, Grana Uaile, invading Howth in one of her piratical expeditions in the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," found the gates of the ancient castle of the St. Lawrences closed, *though it was dinner-time!* Indignant at this breach of decency, Grana Uaile kidnapped the heir of the lordly house and carried him to her robbers' fortress in Connaught, whence she only released him in subsequent years on the solemn engagement of the Lords of Howth always to dine with the doors of Howth castle wide open. I believe it is not more than fifty years, if so much, since this practice was abolished.

I think the only act of "tyranny" with which I was charged when I kept my father's house, and which provoked violent recalcitration, was when I gave orders that men coming from our mountains to Newbridge on business with "the Master" should be served

with largest platefuls of meat and jugs of beer, but should not be left in the servants' hall *en tête-à-tête* with whole rounds and sirloins of beef of which no account could afterwards be obtained!

Of course, the poor laborer in Ireland at that time after the failure of the potatoes, who had no allowances and had many young children unable to earn anything for themselves, was cruelly tightly placed.

Thus when a man had five children to support, and no potatoes, his weekly wages scarcely covered bare food.

Before the famine and the great fever, the population of our part of Ireland was exceedingly dense,—more than two hundred to the square mile. There were an enormous number of mud cabins consisting of one room only, run up at every corner of the roadside and generally allowed to sink into miserable squat, *sottish*-looking hovels with no drainage at all,—mud floor, broken thatch, two or three rough boards for a door, and the four panes of the sole window stuffed with rags or an old hat. Just 500,000 of these one-roomed cabins, the Registrar-General, Mr. William Donnelly, told me, disappeared between the census before and the census after the famine! Nothing was easier than to run them up. Thatch was cheap, and mud abundant, everywhere; and, as to the beams (they called them “bames”), I remember a man addressing my father coaxingly, “Ah, yer Honor, will ye plaze spake to the steward to give me a *handful of sprigs*?” “A handful of *sprigs*? What for?” asked my father. “Why, for the roof of me new little house, yer Honor, that I’m building fornenst the ould wan!”

I never saw in an Irish cottage any of the fine old oak settles, dressers, and arm-chairs and coffers to be found usually in Welsh ones. A good unpainted deal dresser and table, a wooden bedstead, a couple of wooden chairs, and two or three straw “bosses” (stools), made like beehives, completed the furniture of a well-to-do cabin, with a range of white or willow-pattern plates on the dresser and two or three frightfully colored woodcuts pasted on the walls for adornment. Flowers in the gardens or against the walls were never to be seen. Enormous chimney corners, with wooden stools or straw “bosses” under the projecting walls, were the most noticeable feature. Nothing seems to me more absurd and unhistorical than the common idea that the Celt is a beauty-loving creature, æsthetically far above the Saxon. If it be so, it is surprising that his home, his furniture, his dress, his garden, never show the smallest token of his taste! When the

young girls from the villages, even from very respectable families, were introduced into our houses, it was a severe tax on the housekeepers' supervision to prevent them from resorting to the most outrageous shifts and misuse of utensils of all sorts. I can recall, for example, one beautiful young creature with the lovely Irish gray eyes and long lashes, and with features so fine that we privately called her “Madonna.” For about two years she acted as housemaid to my second brother, who, as I have mentioned, had taken a place in Donegal, and whose excellent London cook carefully trained “Madonna” into what were (outwardly) ways of pleasantness for her master. At last, and when perfectly “domesticated,”—as English advertisers describe themselves,—“Madonna” married the cowman; and my brother took pleasure in setting up the young couple in a particularly neat and rather lonely cottage with new deal furniture. After six months they emigrated; and, when my brother visited their deserted house, he found it in a state of which it will be sufficient to record one item. The pig had slept all the time under the bedstead; and no attempt had been made to remove the resulting heap of manure!

My father had as strong a sense as any modern sanitary reformer of the importance of good and healthy cottages; and, having found his estate covered with mud and thatched cabins, he (and my brother after him) labored incessantly, year by year, to replace them by mortared stone and slated cottages, among which were five school-houses, all supported by himself. As it was my frequent duty to draw for him the plans and elevations of these cottages, farm-houses, and village shops, with calculations of the cost of each, it may be guessed how truly absurd it seems to me to read exclusively, as I do so often, now, of “tenants' improvements” in Ireland. It is true that my father occasionally let, on long leases and without fines, large farms (of the finest wheat-land in Ireland, within ten miles of Dublin market), at the price of two pounds per Irish acre, with the express stipulation that the tenant should undertake the rebuilding of the house or farm-buildings, as the case might be. But these were, of course, perfectly just bargains, made with well-to-do farmers, who made excellent profits. I have already narrated in an earlier chapter how he sold the best pictures among his heirlooms—one by Hobbema, now in Dorchester House, and one by Gaspar Poussin—to rebuild some eighty cottages on his mountains. These

cottages had each a small farm attached to it, which was generally held at will, but often continued in the tenants' family for generations. The rent was, in some cases, I think, as low as thirty or forty shillings a year; and the tenants contrived to make a fair living with sheep and potatoes, cutting their own turf on the bog, and very often earning a good deal by storing ice in the winter from the river Dodder, and selling it in Dublin in the summer. I remember one of them, who had been allowed to fall into arrears of rent to the extent of three pounds, which he loudly protested he could not pay, coming to my father to ask his help as a magistrate to recover *forty pounds* which an ill-conditioned member of his family had stolen from him out of the usual Irish hiding-place, "under the thatch."—*Autobiography of Frances Power Cobbe.*

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

Not many years ago Chili and Argentina were on the verge of war. An old boundary dispute had broken out anew, and was intensified by the discovery of an unsuspected value in the eighty thousand square miles of territory involved.

The two nations grew more hostile. Each was goaded by the other's warlike preparations to make more provision for a war believed to be inevitable. Their standing armies were increased to a burdensome size, and their navies were enlarged by new and expensive ships. The tax for these wasteful preparations amounted to five dollars per capita in the two nations.

To the honor of Christian men in both nations let it be remembered that these demonstrations did not go on without protest. On both sides of the line clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church, as well as the representatives of the English government in both countries, labored earnestly and kindly for the averting of so great a disaster. Bishop Benavente of Argentina and Bishop Jara of Chili were foremost in their pleas for peace. They journeyed back and forth in their respective countries, rousing the clergy and laity by their pleading, for the tangible expression of abiding peace between the nations, in the form of a monument on the boundary line.

It was this movement that gave focus to peace sentiment. The plan to erect a statue of Christ between the nations rebuked the clamor for war. At last the boundary dispute was referred by agreement to the King of England; and his decision, which awarded

to each nation a part of what it had contended for, gave general satisfaction.

Then the two nations, gratified by the result, signed a treaty, agreeing that for a term of years all controversies between them should be submitted to arbitration, and that they would reduce their armies and navies.

The women of the two nations took up the movement for the monument. A young sculptor, Mateo Alonso, modelled the statue of Christ, which was cast in bronze produced from old cannon. It is twenty-six feet in height, and is supported by a gigantic column surmounted by a globe, on which the map of the world is outlined. In his left hand the Christ holds a cross, rising five feet above the statue. His right hand is outstretched in blessing. Below are two tablets. One gives the history of the monument, and the other says, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than shall the people of Argentina and of Chili break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

On the very summit of the Andes, and on the boundary line settled with mutual satisfaction and without strife, the statue was erected March 13, 1904, a benediction to the nations that erected it, and a lesson to the world.

The new battleships were sold, and the proceeds turned to peaceful uses. Regiments have been mustered out, and the men have returned to their productive vocations. The arsenal of Chili has been converted into a school. The roads and harbors of both nations have been improved with the money saved from war. The great transandean railway is tunnelling through the mountains and bringing nations nearer together in time and commercial interests. Taxes are reduced. The people prosper. Best of all, the Spirit of the Christ has shown the world a better way than war.

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

NEWTON, April 28, 1839.

My dear James,—I sent you a catalogue of the Allston exhibition which I hope has reached you. It is exceedingly interesting to see all these pictures together. They give value to each other in an unexpected degree, in so much that I now think I have but half known Allston's genius hitherto. There are several that you have never seen,—four landscapes that are new to me, besides other pieces: an "Italian Shepherd Boy"; "Edwin," from Beattie's "Minstrel"; a picture, from "Gil Blas"; a portrait of himself

painted at Rome forty years ago; "The Sisters," which Sam likes best of all. You will be surprised to see such a wide range in the style of subjects. I find that my old favorites are still my favorites, and that the immature taste of my youth was not mistaken in admiring them so much: it only failed of finding the extent of their value.

The landscapes, I persist in thinking, are his most truly inspired works. Whether it is so or that I am more susceptible to the impressions of Nature than of Life I know not, but, though I find no fault with his maidens and troubadours, it is only "Beatrice" and "Miriam" that seem to me as divine natures as his trees and tall rocks and cataracts. There is one forest of pines whose tender gloom reaches the inmost soul.

Mr. Emerson lent me "Pericles and Aspasia." The second volume is dedicated in a poetical address to General Andrew Jackson. It seems in the American edition they left that out, together with the letter to an author containing a severe rebuke to Willis, and expressing a hope that American travellers in future would keep on the outside of his gate. These lines are in the Dedication:—

"How rare the sight, how grand!
Behold the scales of Justice stand
Self-balanced in a mailed hand!"

I am afraid I do not admire the book as much as I ought. There are thoughts, pure and valuable as gold, to be met here and there all through it, but to my thinking there is much dead level also.

Mr. Emerson asked me a question such as I might have expected from him: he asked me, "How can Mr. Allston help you?" "But *how* can he help you?" Clearly he disbelieves in any help but self-help. For my part, I have arrived at that time of life, as mother's phrase is, when I do not disdain to receive help from an Allston. To be sure, it is far grander to get out of your difficulties alone and have all the glory of it; but meantime one might starve in the forest, before one could find the way out. "Art is long, Life is short"; and now I have found the true application of that saying. It is because life is so short that one cannot do everything for one's self.

I did read "The Onyx Ring," and thought it a fair hit at Goethe. That little trait of his recommending the study of lithographic drawing as a cure for wounded affection entertained me inexpressibly. That could be none but Goethe, and, to do him justice, not him neither; for, however likely he might be to seek such resources in his own case, he was not such a dolt as to suppose a woman

could do the like, nor so heartless as to insult her with the proposal. I think it rather a malicious representation of him. But it surprised me to hear Mr. Emerson say that he could not doubt that Collins was meant for Carlyle. He seems to me unlike that far-seeing individual. Mr. Emerson says it is a view of one side of his character, and very just.

Here is a quotation from "Pericles and Aspasia" for you: "In contentions for power the philosophy and the poetry of life are dropped and trodden down. Domestic affections can no more bloom and flourish in the hardened race-course of politics than flowers can find nourishment in the pavement of the streets. In the politician the whole creature is factitious. If ever he speaks as before, he speaks either from memory or invention."

Another: "There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water. There is a silence in it that suspends the foot, and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface. The Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song."

Mrs. Jameson, in "Visits and Sketches," describing the Medusa, says that to speak adequately of it would demand "the large utterance of the early gods." Whose line is that? Can you tell me? I suspect Keats.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

[We venture to print here this article which has already appeared as a letter in the *Boston Transcript*.]

It is the mission and privilege of editors to protest against the errors of the time, and one which we have often longed to see attacked is the strange custom of arraying young girls in ball dresses when they graduate from school or college. It is not only on account of the glaring bad taste which is displayed by such a fashion, although it is almost as improper to wear a party dress of white muslin or the like in a schoolroom, as it would be for a cook to put on white gloves to do her kitchen work, or a housemaid to dress herself in light blue silk as a preparation for sweeping and dusting. It is the extravagance to which such a custom leads, an extravagance which at last becomes a heavy burden to parents unable to afford the "graduation costume."

Our attention was called to this by passages from two popular authors, each of whom narrates the trials and sufferings of the family who are unlucky enough to have

a daughter about to "graduate"; and in neither is it hinted that for a young woman whose parents are straitened for the necessities of life it would be wise and becoming to forego the dress as a needless expenditure.

The first author we quote from is Octave Thanet. The book is "The Heart of Toil." The young girl's father is a grocer (in a small way). The conversation between her and her mother is as follows:—

"Ma, I know he would be pleased, usually; but—he seems so changed and worried all the time now; and—there would be the expense of the graduating dress, the gloves and ribbons, and those things"—

"Don't you fret, lambie," returned the mother, tenderly. "If pa can't raise the money for your graduating muslin, your ma can! But he's so beset and worried now, he don't know which way to turn. But you see how it is, Stella, it's seven weeks now since the boys struck, and the bills are going on and on, and there don't seem no more chance now than there was the first week, that the strike will be settled; and however will the bills get paid? I don't wonder there's gray hairs in R.'s head, nor that he groans in his sleep. I don't see how pa'd live through it to fail! He said that when he mortgaged the house last week, and I cried when I signed." . . .

(The house was mortgaged because the father was in debt.)

"Oh, ma, how can he pay?" cried Stella. "He's mortgaged the building, that's how," returned Mrs. Battles, sombrely. "And he ain't left himself enough to pay for fire insurance." . . .

(A little later Stella brought her father fifteen dollars.)

"There's fifteen dollars, pa," she said, breathlessly. "It's ma's and a little I had saved, and ma's willing."

So she had sense enough to wear a simple dress on the great day? By no means:—

"I don't need the dress. I'm going to leave *before we graduate*. Ma's willing."

An education is all very well, but a white muslin dress is a necessary of life. It makes one think of Miss Edgeworth's Frank and Mary, with their "May-want" and "Must-have" list.

The next author is "Pansy," Mrs. G. R. Alden, whose books are read by the hundreds of thousands in Sunday-schools. Her heroine, Esther, is the daughter of a very poor missionary, and Esther pays her college expenses by doing housework in a family who live in the town where she is studying. Listen to a tale of woe:—

"The question, which had been a more or less anxious one every year, since her daughter emerged from childhood, 'Wherewithal shall she be clothed?' took on unusual importance. . . . She was even guilty of *lying awake nights, after busy and exhausting days*, trying to contrive some way of getting for Esther the graduation robes *that she knew were needed*.

"I don't see, little mother, but you and I are shut up to prayer," the missionary said. . . .

The prayer was answered. A box arrived sent by rich relations (or, at least, by relatives in more prosperous circumstances than were Esther's family), and one of the articles it contained was a *white muslin dress* discarded by a cousin. The tale proceeds:—

"If the two home missionaries were jubilant over the coming of that home box, and saw in it a direct answer to their prayers, what shall be said of Esther's astonished delight when her portion of it reached her? . . . For the girl knew only too well how impossible a new dress would be this year when travelling expenses must at last be provided for?" (for her return home).

"I will own, dear, that I have cried for joy over these garments," the mother wrote. . . . 'I will confess now, that we, your father and I, have lain awake of nights, talking it all over, wondering what our girlie would do for suitable (!) garments in which to carry her honors. We *prayed a great deal*, and we even hoped that a box might come different from the usual one; but not once did our faith rise to the heights of expecting one from our very own homes.' . . . 'The gloves you are to accept with your father's dear love. He was so glad to be able to get them for you himself.'"

Here is Esther's letter three days before Commencement:—

"Everything is ready: I cannot think of another thing, except to *do it*, and for that must wait three days. We are to be so fine, so *very fine*, you cannot imagine it, I am sure. IT lies on the bed at this moment, and the class poem that IT is to read lies close beside IT. I use those capitals advisedly, and truly it seems as though IT, and not I, were to read the thing. If you could see IT, now, mommie, you would notice that IT has a style about IT that I never had. Assure father that the pronoun refers solely to the dress, and not for one moment to the poem, which, however, I must frankly own is vastly improved by his criticism."

So Esther lost the chance of being the only girl in her class dressed like a lady, because dressed in a manner suitable for the occasion.

One more anecdote, not from a story-book, but founded on fact, we will narrate.

In a town not a hundred miles from Boston two young girls were talking just before the "Last Day."

"How much is *your* dress going to cost?" said one. "Mine will cost more than a hundred dollars."

"Oh, I suppose, about a dollar and half!" answered the other. "It is the same one I wore last year."

What a pleasure it must have been to see that girl among her overdressed schoolmates!

When will parents, or school committees, or some one, introduce a reform in regard to this matter, at once so laughable and so pitiable?

L. F. C.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

You would like to know how to get the upper hand of your work, and keep it, instead of having it drive you all your lifelong.

Then let me tell you, Anna Maria, you can't begin too early, after you are thirteen, the *practice* of housekeeping.

You may go to a cooking class and learn to make Charlotte russe and arrowroot for invalids and boned turkey for parties; you may go to lectures which tell you all about the carbons and nitrogens of food; you may read and write down any number of nice little recipes in nice little blank books. Yet the first half day's housekeeping will bring you face to face with more that you don't know than you ever dreamed of. You can as well expect to become a painter by reading the hosts of books written to art, and studying galleries of pictures without handling a brush as to learn anything about housekeeping without going into the drudgery with your own hands.

What is more, you must resolve to take the responsibility of the work, and learn what it is to be the whole working power of the whole household machine. You must learn how to be up to time with prompt meal and laundry work, to have supplies of clothes and clean towels always ready, to keep rooms tidy and fresh, and to renew things as they wear out, so that the word "homely" in your mind will never signify shabby or mean.

It is no small thing to stand at the head of affairs and be the motive power on which depend the welfare and credit, the health, temper, and spirit of the whole family. A late breakfast sends fathers and brothers to business with the whole day out of shape: a poor meal leaves all the family to work or study without proper supplies to work upon, and they will feel weak, nervous, and lacking

in energy, perhaps in some vital crisis like that which found Napoleon at a memorable battle. The fortunes of the field were wavering. A bold movement at the right hour would have saved the day; but a badly cooked dinner had given him a headache, his brain was cloudy and confused, his heart palpitating when he needed clear head and firm nerve, he gave the wrong order, and the battle was lost. When in mid life you come to find how essential the comfort of a well-kept home is to the bodily strength and good conditions, to a sound mind and spirit and useful days, you will reverence the good housekeeper as I do,—above artist or poet, beauty or genius.

Between you and me, Anna Maria, it takes genius to be a first-rate housekeeper. A woman of third rate (quality) will "let things go," and think they will "do," and make up all sorts of clever-sounding excuses for her shiftlessness, and even make a virtue of neglect, pretending she lets them slip for matters of higher importance. But the woman of keen mind and senses finds the dust in corners, and the smells from the sink and pantry, and the careless laundry and chamber work intolerable and not to be borne, and amends all that other people have "put up with" to the injury of their health and brains for generations. You may not be a genius of the first rank, Anna Maria, but you may have what goes with genius,—a spirit of the finest order, which tolerates no second-rate slipshod of any sort.

While your mother is gone to Tiverton will be a good time to begin your responsible housekeeping, you think?

Before your mother goes will be better, for you will find the experience of an old housekeeper at hand, the next thing to having a fairy godmother popping up out of the meal-chest or the chimney corner at the right minute. You will want all that your mother and Aunt Jane and old Cretia, the colored washerwoman, and the receipt books, can tell you.

To-morrow you begin, then, to do your best, and to better it. My dear child, to-morrow always begins the night before, and you can't get the good of your day without planning for it. To get breakfast quickly you want ever so much done the night before. *Not* as the over-smart, half-taught women say, in those wonderful home departments of the country papers, by grinding coffee and filling the tea-kettle the night before. The coffee loses flavor, and water that has been standing all night absorbs bad air, and is unfit for use. Besides, it is so flat that it can never make good tea or coffee. But you can have the

dining-room swept and in order, the table set and covered with a large white mosquito netting kept for the purpose. You are to bake bread to-morrow, and no good house-keeper wants bread "riz by daylight." You want your fire to keep over night in cool weather; and let me tell you that learning to manage a coal fire has tested the wits and endurance of cleverer women than you or I shall ever be. Shake down the ashes, and put on fresh coal with a layer of cinders on the top. Then close all the draughts except the smoke-draught. Why? Because else the gas from the fresh coal will fill the room with a dangerous, sometimes fatal, air, and that from the cinders is worse. You see that little blue flame playing on the top of the cinders? That denotes the presence of carbonic-oxide gas, which is to the dreaded carbonic acid gas that kills people in mines and in old wells what prussic acid is to arsenic, swifter and deadlier. The one-thousandth part of this gas mingled with common air has proved fatal, and the worst is that it has no smell that people commonly notice. Not long ago a whole school in Connecticut was found insensible from the fumes of this gas, escaping from the box stove which had been crammed with fresh coal and the draughts all closed. A workman's family were found dead from the same cause last year, having filled their cylinder stove with coal for the night, and shut it up to keep. Always leave the smoke-draught open in stove, range, or furnace. When there is a wind, or it is very cold weather, and the draught is stronger than usual, drawing through every seam and chink of the iron, close the damper half way, and leave one of the stove-covers half off, sticking the poker into the fire to keep the lid in place.—*Mrs. S. D. Power: Anna Maria's Housekeeping.*

FOURTH OF JULY IN JONESVILLE.

The picnic never broke up till most night. I went home a little while before it broke, and, if there was a beat-out creeter, I was. I just dropped my dilapidated form into a rockin' chair, and says I:—

"There needn't be another word said. I will never go to another Fourth as long as my name is Josiah Allen's wife."

"You ain't patriotic enough, Samantha," says Josiah. "You don't love your country."

"What good has it done the nation to have me all tore to pieces?" says I. "Look at my dress, look at my bonnet. Any one ought to be a iron-clad to stand it. Look at my dishes," says I.

"I guess the old heroes of the Revolution went through more than that," says Josiah.

"Well, I ain't a old hero," says I.

"Well, you can honor 'em, can't you?"

"Honor 'em! Josiah Allen, what good has it done to Mr. Lafayette to have my new pieplates smashed to bits, a couple of tines broke off o' my best forks? What good has it done to Thomas Jefferson to have my lawn dress tore off of me by Betsey Bobbet? What benefit has it been to John Adams or Israel Putnam to have old Peedick step through it? What honor has it been to George Washington to have my straw bonnet flatted down tight to my head? I am sick of this talk about honorin' and liberty and duty," says I. "Folks will make a pack horse of duty, and ride it to circuses and bullfights. You may talk about honorin' the old heroes and goin' through these performances to please 'em. But, if the old heroes are in heaven, they can get along without hearin' the Jonesville Brass Band!"

Josiah quailed before my lofty tone, and I relapsed into a weary and dilapidated silence.—*My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet's.*

WHAT HANNAH MORE THOUGHT OF WALTER SCOTT.

(Extract from Letter to Rev. D. Wilson.)

New Year's Day, 1822.

An active and, I hope, a pious clergyman told me the other day that he had just bought a cheap edition of Lord Byron, but boasted that he had burnt "Don Juan." I am far from putting Byron and Walter Scott on a level. The one is an anti-moralist indeed, but surely I may say the other is a non-moralist. His *poetry* I read as it came out with that pleasure and admiration which great talents must always excite; but I do not remember in it any of those practical precepts or that sound instruction which may be gleaned from some of our older poets, though they often offend against that decency which Scott invariably observes. I am now reading "Privis Solomon," an exquisite poem in my opinion, abounding in instruction and beauty, yet scarcely anybody I meet with has read it. Of the fashionable reading, if there were no other evil than the immense consumption of *time*, the mischief would not be small. Thirty volumes of Walter Scott's novels have, in the succession of a very few years, covered every table. Figure to yourself in a large family where every one reads for himself the thousands of hours that have been thus swallowed up.

In the articles of music, dress, and reading I could wish to see a somewhat wider separation between the two classes above named. The useful reading, compared with the idle,

like our medicine compared with our food, is but as grains to pounds. The evil does not merely consist in the reading itself, but in its disqualifying tendency for that reading which is good. It is not that old age has made me insensible to the charms of genius. In that one respect I think I am not grown obtuse. I have been really looking for time to read one or two of Walter Scott's novels. In my youth Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison were the reigning entertainment. Whatever objections may be made to them in certain respects, they contain more maxims of virtue and sound moral principle than half the books called moral. A large volume of valuable aphorisms has been collected from them, abounding in practical lessons for the conduct.—*Memoirs of Hannah More.*

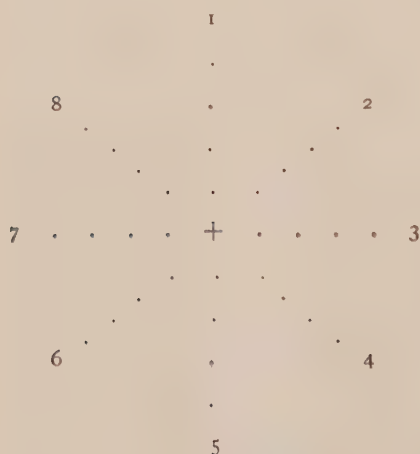
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answer to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

A WHEEL.

The central letter of this wheel is the first letter of each of the eight words composing it



Wheel. 1. To dislike extremely. 2. To distribute or divide. 3. A sharp biting taste. 4. A passage in a church. 5. Later in time. 6. To worship. 7. To reform. 8. A bower.—*Harper's Young People.*

II.

PI.

Osem lielavg pahmedn, tath hitw sdentasue rebsta.

Ethtiletyatratno fo shi delifs dowtihots, Meso temu gilisonuro litmon ehre mya erts Esmo woerllem lugsilts foish toconsyr dobol.

III.

10. Which is more valuable, a dollar bill or four twenty-five cent pieces?

11. Why is Joseph Gillott (the pen manufacturer) a corrupt man?

IV.

HIDDEN TREES.

1. As pencils are cheap, you may buy a dozen.

2. All people who continually rash may expect to be humiliated in the end.

3. Before looking at the map, Lena adjusted her spectacles.

4. It is certain that many planets beside our own are inhabited.

5. As an example, see how the bee cheerfully performs its labors day by day.

6. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

7. One of the most exquisite of precious stones is the opal, marvellously reflecting fiery rays from its little furnace.

8. The Armada tested its massive elegance against the doughty British in vain.

9. The satrap, pleased with the young Greek's answer, gave him a free pardon.

10. The man was uncertain whether the picture represented a troop of evil spirits or angelic hosts.—*Harper's Young People.*

Answers to Puzzles in June Number.

I. CHANGED INITIALS.—1. Budge, Judge. 2. Object, Abject. 3. Battle, Cattle. 4. Bite, Kite. 5. Ore, Ire. 6. Barrow, Narrow. 7. Boil, Toil. 8. Call, Hall. 9. Ago, Ego. 10. Big, Pig. 11. Otter, Utter. 12. Buck, Luck. 13. Bear, Pear. 14. Ace, Ice. 15. Care, Tare.—*Jack-in-the-Pulpit.*

II. FAMOUS WOMEN.—1. Mary Stuart. 2. Florence Nightingale. 3. Queen Victoria. 4. Charlotte Corday. 5. Joan of Arc. 6. Pocahontas. 7. Semiramis.

III. CONUNDRUMS.—8. A fountain. 9. Water.

IV. HIDDEN CITIES.—1. Ithaca. 2. Bufalo. 3. Salem. 4. St. Augustine. 5. Rome.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS AND HINTS.

HOW TO TALK TO CHILDREN: THE WRONG WAY.

I remember a very worthy gentleman who sometimes spoke to the Sunday-school when I was a boy. He would begin without the slightest idea of what he was going to say, but he was sure that the end of the first sentence would help him to the second. This is an example:—

"My dear young friends, I do not know that I have anything to say to you, but I am very much obliged to your teachers for asking me to address you this beautiful morning. The morning is so beautiful after the refreshment of the night that, as I walked to church and looked around and breathed the fresh air, I felt more than ever what a privilege it is to live in so wonderful a world. For the world, dear children, has been all contrived and set in order for us by a Power so much higher than our own that we may enjoy our own lives and live for the happiness and good of our brothers and sisters. Our brothers and sisters they are, indeed, though some of them are in distant lands and beneath other skies, and parted from us by the broad oceans. These oceans, indeed, do not so much divide the world as they unite it. They make it one. The winds which blow over them and the currents which move their waters, all are ruled by a higher law, that they may contribute to commerce and to the good of man. And man, my dear children," etc.

You see, there is no end to it. It is a sort of capping verses with yourself, where you take up the last word, or the last idea, of one sentence, and begin the next with it, quite indifferent where you come out, if you only "occupy the time" that is appointed. It is very easy for you; but, my dear friends, it is very hard for those who listen!—*Edward Everett Hale, in "How To Do It."*

ANOTHER SPECIMEN.

[In this case the speaker has a definite subject. He wishes to give a general lesson on the importance of the state of the heart: the inward motives and feelings, whatever may be the outward life and the actions seen by men. The example of "the wrong way" is taken from a very old book by Jacob Abbott.]

"The teacher, if he uses the more ordinary forms and methods of Sunday-school superintendents, begins something like this:—

"The moral character of any action—that is, whether it is right or wrong—depends upon the motives with which it is performed. Men look only at the outward conduct, but God looks at the heart. In order, now, that

any action should be pleasing to God, it is necessary that it should be performed from a right motive.

"Now, there are a great many motives of action which prevail among mankind. There is love of praise, love of money, affection for friends,' etc.

"By the time the teacher has proceeded thus far he finds, as he looks around the room, that the countenances of his pupils are assuming a listless and inattentive air. One is restless in his seat, evidently paying no attention. Another has reclined his head upon his desk, lost in a reverie, and others are looking round the room at one another or at the door, restless and impatient, hoping the dull lecture will soon be over."

What, then, would be the right way to give a lesson on this subject, one which would *really* interest average boys and girls? In our next number we will give an almost perfect specimen, culled also from Jacob Abbott, and used by him to illustrate this very point.

L. F. C.

CHILDREN AWAY FROM HOME.

Why they often become Unruly and Unhappy when off for the Summer Holidays.

"Why is it that children are always so unruly when staying at summer hotels?" is a question often asked.

It is a lamentable fact, but it is too often true, and yet it is the fault of the parents, whose lack of control over their offspring has much to do with the case.

When people go away for the summer, they oftentimes forget that they are not the only guests in a house. There are others who have their privileges, and who pay just as much board and yet who are inconsiderably treated by their fellow-boarders.

Who has not suffered from the man in the floor above, who will throw his boots across the floor at night, or the woman who appropriates all the accessories on the dining-tables, or the children who race up and down the piazzas before breakfast, and the old lady who tells you all the family history?

It is a fact that people's characters and dispositions are only too plainly brought out into public view when travelling or visiting away from home, and, if children's manners are poor at home, they are apt to be worse when the novelty and awe of strange surroundings and strange faces wears off.

Then, too, there are always people who make much of other people's children, praising them before their faces, questioning them upon family affairs in which outsiders have

no concern, and rejoicing in drawing out and spoiling the innocent little people, who, unless carefully guarded by nurse and mother, soon become pert and worldly wise.

Yes, the *enfant terrible* is often the result of its very maligners, who have first encouraged and then grown weary of the acts and speeches which had been so entertaining at first, and it behooves a mother to be judicious in selecting a nurse.

Do not let the children mingle with the older people so much as to weary the latter or injure the childish ways of the little people themselves.

It is an old story that promiscuous petting and outside influence have serious effects upon the health and morals of young folk. On the other hand, there is no reason why, with careful attention, hotel life should hurt children.—*The Boston Daily Advertiser*.

DOG AND CAT STORIES.

A VERY HUMAN DOG.

E. and I were quietly sketching in a secluded part of the willow grove when our solitude was suddenly invaded by a dog, who came hurriedly into the grove, carrying in his mouth a large bone which had a great deal of meat on it. Perceiving strangers, he paused with a somewhat surprised and guilty look; but, as we did not speak to him, he took courage, hoped the bone was not observed, sauntered in a leisurely manner around the outskirts of the grove, mounted on the trunk of an old willow-tree, and thoughtfully surveyed the landscape, then slipped skilfully and quietly down from the tree, out of our sight; and, after a few minutes' absence, came bounding into the grove from another quarter, and ran, wagging his tail, to give us a hospitable greeting. His bone had, of course, been disposed of. His manner said, "I am so surprised to see you, but you are cordially welcome." L. F. C.

A USEFUL VISITOR.

A family took a spaniel into their home to care for during the absence of his master. At two o'clock in the morning they heard him barking, and, getting up to see what was the trouble, discovered that the lower rooms were on fire. Thanks to the spaniel, the family had time to arouse all the inmates of the upper rooms before any one was suffocated by the smoke, excepting a bull puppy, and he was not seriously injured.

DOG RESCUERS.

A setter dog ventured too far on the ice of Williams Lake, and, falling in a hole, was

unable to get out of the water. Among those who saw the dog struggling in this dangerous place was a large Newfoundland dog, who rushed to the spot, planted himself firmly on the further side of the hole in which the setter was struggling more and more feebly to escape, and made several efforts to grasp the drowning dog. He persevered until he caught the dog's neck in his teeth, when he pulled him up to a place of safety. After he could stand the setter wagged his tail and rubbed himself against the Newfoundland gratefully, and the rescuer and rescued trotted off together.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

Those who own dogs and care for them in an intelligent way never refuse to pay attention to their expression of voice or action. It is easy to understand the language of the animals that serve us if we are patient with them and try to understand them.

James Andrews, a young farmer in Groton, Ohio, was returning home one evening accompanied by his dog when he was struck by a train and thrown off the track. His dog ran home and aroused the family by loud barking. They let him in the house, but because he continued to bark turned him out again. The faithful dog was found some hours later watching beside his unconscious master, who died soon after he was found. The saddest part of the story is that the coroner, upon examination of the body, declared it to be his opinion that, if the dog's pleading had been heeded, and help given promptly to the unfortunate man, his life might have been saved.

The *Scientific American* had an article by Nelson R. Briggs on the reasoning powers of animals. He gives as one illustration a cat that learned to jump up and press her paw on an old-fashioned thumb latch to a door, and so get into the house. The cat was not taught this trick, but evidently learned by observation how to open this door. I can vouch for another cat who learned to open a door in our own house in the same manner, and I well remember the astonishment and fright of a friend, who supposed we were alone in the house, when the latch suddenly sounded its sharp click, and the door flew open, Mistress Dolly, the cat, still hanging on to it by one paw, which was pressing down the part where we used our thumbs when opening the door. Mr. Briggs says: "I am not disposed to agree with Mr. Burroughs, who says, 'Such traits in animals are simply physical.' My experience with and study of

animals of the higher order of intelligence has induced me to maintain that most, if not all, animals possess reasoning powers."

The "nature faker" controversy between Rev. Dr. Long all by himself and the President, John Burroughs and Caspar Whitney on the other side, having reached the stage of publication of original letters and Biblical quotation, it looks as if a hurry call for arbitration would be the next thing in order. Dr. Long stands up manfully against such a combination, and injects humor into the situation by publishing letters from Caspar Whitney, inviting him to write "more" for the latter's magazine and to edit a book about wolves, as an expert on the habits and customs of the latter. As a clergyman, Dr. Long is pained to learn that Mr. Burroughs was not familiar with the Biblical reference to "the mother eagle" in a familiar passage in Isaiah. In general, Dr. Long reasserts that he knows as much about animals as some people, and a good deal more than some others. All this wrangling among "lovers of nature" might have been averted by the admission that there is individuality among animals as well as among human beings, and that lynx and wolves occasionally do surprising things that are exceptional enough to break down "rules" for judging their capabilities.—*Boston Transcript*.

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR.

We have thought it best—for the first, perhaps the last, time—to send out a double number, July and August together. As our friends may ask, Why is this? we will say that one reason is this: sometimes an article that we would like to print lies a long time in our drawer because there is no room for it. Sometimes an article would be spoiled by being cut in two, then it must wait until there is a little extra space. We never omit or curtail the Book Club, because it would disappoint those who send requests to have to wait a long time before their letters are printed. As each number is sent to the printer on the roth of the month, these notes must be in our hands even earlier to be inserted. When the Book Club is large, the other articles are shorter. Sometimes a sermon or article is suitable for a special season, as Christmas or Easter. Then that one takes precedence.

The two departments most valued by correspondents are the sermon and the Mother's Council. Next, perhaps, comes the Book Club. We hope that the friends

who support the paper will understand that it is intended not for those who have access to libraries, and whose houses are flooded with books and all the best periodicals of the day, but that it is sent from these to offer a share of these privileges to the less fortunate. There is exactly *one* article that is intended for New England readers, "The Letters of a Sister." These records of *Boston in the thirties* interest many of our friends who know something of the period in which they were written, and of the men and women of that day who were personal friends of the writer,—Emerson, Margaret Fuller, the Hawthornes, Allston, and others.

In this number we found it hard to cut down three articles,—the sermon on Agassiz, our greatest naturalist, whose centennial is celebrated this year, the "Mother's Council," and the natural history article on birds. None of these would bear keeping over, or cutting in two. So, for once, we have tried the experiment of a double number. Among the articles that we have been wishing to print for some time is the one on "The Christ of the Andes," which tells of an incident the most important, most touching, most interesting, and most significant that has happened for many, many years. All Christians must earnestly hope that it may open a new era in the history of the world.

L. F. C.

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching.—*Channing*.

To live as Christ lived, to die as Christ died, to give up ourselves as sacrifices to God, to conscience, to whatever good interest we can advance, these are the lessons written with the blood of Christ.—*Love to Christ, Channing*.

The great purpose of Christianity to unfold and strengthen and lift up the mind has been perpetually thrown out of sight.—*The Great Purpose of Christianity, Channing*.

Gather from every growth of life its seed of thought; look behind every symbol for its law; if thou canst see clearly, the rest will follow.—*Margaret Fuller*.

While any one is base, none can be entirely free and noble. . . . In quietness yield thy soul to the casual soul.—*Margaret Fuller*.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

There will be no monthly meetings of the Cheerful Letter Exchange during the summer months. Notice will be given of the first meeting held in the autumn.

Please notice that this is a double number, intended for the months of July and August. The next number will be out September 1st, or as near that date as possible. See note from the editor within.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange is developing Home Study work for the benefit of those without school facilities.

Arrangements will be made for lessons by correspondence in any school subject for those who are unable to leave their homes or who are far from centres of education.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction please send requests to Mrs. Ruth Peterson, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Those who send reading matter to the soldiers in the Philippine Islands are reminded that *current* periodicals and good, bright, standard novels are the kind of reading desired. Do not send *old* magazines, nor periodicals adapted especially for women. Numbers of periodicals issued within a year may be sent.

Please send subscriptions to the Treasurer, not to the Editor.

Chairman, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Treasurer, Mrs. Charles T. Catlin, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Mary Louise Catlin. Subscription, 50 cents a year.

Editor of the "Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.